

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIE R. ROBINSON, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS"

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WHOLE NO. 685.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

From the New York Tribune.

MURDER RUFFIANISM IN FAIRFIELD TOWNSHIP.

COLUMBIANA, Nov. 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—The outrageous attack on a recent anti-slavery meeting held in this township, and the trial of those engaged in the mob, having created considerable feeling in this community, I have concluded to give you, for publication, a brief account of the whole transaction. Some of the persons of this township, having heard Miss Watson, a colored lady of Baltimore, lecture in Salem, were pleased with her lectures, they invited her to come to Unionville meeting house. Having declined her consent, they advertised the meeting by handbills. On the evening of the 27th of October, there was assembled at the meeting house a very respectable audience, numbering probably over 200 persons, of whom 60 or 70 were ladies. About the time the people were ready to organize the meeting, there was loud hallooing and shouting heard in several directions from the house, and in a southerly direction, about a mile off. The hallooing and shouting continued, and the people began to approach nearer and nearer toward the meeting house, resembling the sound of wolves surrounding their prey, and it was evident to those engaged in the meeting that there was a determined purpose on the part of those who were thus coming, to create a disturbance. In order that they might be held in check somewhat, some of the most respectable citizens of that vicinity entered themselves near the door, but as soon as they arrived they halted straight into the house, when the speaking was already in progress, using profane and obscene language. They took their seats and continued their swearing, and occasionally responded to and interrupted the speaking. After remaining in the house for some time, some of them went out, making some blackguard expressions as they were going, and soon after, the house was stoned, windows broken in, and the meeting entirely broken up. Some of the citizens endeavored to prevent order which resulted in a riotous scene, in which some of the Border Ruffians were rather roughly handled. The people of that vicinity, feeling themselves outraged, and after consultation, they determined to endure such outrages no longer, and concluded to bring the ruffians to justice. Accordingly they instituted legal proceedings before Elias Holloway, Esq., and on the 11th inst., a trial was to be had. As soon as the ruffians found that they were about to be punished for their crimes, they appealed to the leader of the democracy of the county to sustain them. Woods, the well-known head of those demagogues and whisky drinking, swarming blackguards of that locality, who will argue to themselves the name of democracy, volunteered his services, and I regret to say that Mr. Wallace, for whom I have always entertained the highest respect, should have so forgotten himself as to aid in the defense of such a set of miserable ruffians.

On the day of the trial, the ruffians and their friends were all on hand, and near. After the trial commenced, Woods claimed that all the witnesses should be kept out of the room so that they could not hear each other testify. This being granted, the room was cleared of all or nearly all the accused ruffians and their friends. The trial proceeded, the witnesses brought in one by one and examined. Woods, true to his course, signified his intention by insulting the witnesses, by asking them such questions as "Are you a Negro worshiper?" and then answered, he would lead with his forked bow, bow, and the whole crew would follow with yells and laughter.

After the examination of the witnesses was closed, Woods, in his argument, showed that he was a lawless fellow by nature as well as by profession—his speech was full of profanity and obscenity, and he was so full of himself, that he could not be kept out of the room so that they could not hear each other testify. This being granted, the room was cleared of all or nearly all the accused ruffians and their friends. The trial proceeded, the witnesses brought in one by one and examined. Woods, true to his course, signified his intention by insulting the witnesses, by asking them such questions as "Are you a Negro worshiper?" and then answered, he would lead with his forked bow, bow, and the whole crew would follow with yells and laughter.

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METHODIST PROTESTANT CONVENTION.

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1858.—This body,

now in session in this place, transacted but little business yesterday, having adjourned at an early hour for the purpose of giving its various committees time to prepare their reports on the respective subjects referred to them for their consideration. The Convention met this morning at the usual hour, and after a short session devoted to religious exercises, the Convention proceeded to business. The committee to whom was referred the communication from Rev. C. Priole, of the Wesleyan Convention, presented a report, and recommended the adoption of the following resolution, viz: Resolved, That this convention appoint a committee of five to fraternize and correspond with a like committee represented here by our esteemed brother, Cyrus Priole, of the Wesleyan Methodist Convention, for the laudable and desirable objects of obtaining a more intimate union and a more general and effective co-operation between the two sister branches of our common Zion, and for the ultimate purpose, if possible, of becoming one body.

This resolution was laid on the table for the purpose of receiving other reports from their respective committees. The report, from the executive committee, which it was received, will doubtless be adopted. The committee appointed upon the subject of Relations and Revision, reported in part, viz: Let, Upon "the action of the last general conference upon the memorial from the Cincinnati convention of 1857."

By reference to said memorial, it will be readily discovered that the General Conference respectfully requested in said document to merely recommend to take legal steps to make the prescribed constitutional and disciplinary modifications, which the interest and prosperity of the non-slaveholding sections of the association demanded; and in case that body should refuse to so recommend, then a second request was respectfully made to said General Conference to convene in such measures as would bring about an official separation in a formal, orderly and peaceful manner, between the slave and non-slaveholding sections of the association, by an alteration of the eighth and ninth articles of the constitution, which define a general conference and its powers.

And by reference to the official proceedings of said General Conference, it will be equally evident that while said Conference did, on one hand, receive, entertain, and act upon said memorial as an orderly and authoritative document, thereby virtually sanctioning the Cincinnati document, they did upon the other hand officially refuse to comply with either request so respectfully and so reasonably submitted to them, thereby exhibiting a total unwillingness to take any steps to either relieve their petitioners, or that would reflect discredit in any way upon the principles or pre-eminence of the entire Southern section of the M. P. Church, in the historic part of said memorial. And upon the present and future relations between the annual conferences represented in this convention, and such annual conferences, churches, and individuals as practice or tolerate slaveholding and slave trading as per the Cincinnati memorial.

Let, Our general relation is embraced in official and legal connection in a general conference, as specified and defined in the eighth and ninth articles of the constitution. But this relation is now virtually destroyed by the following facts: First—All the subjects of working interest that were designed as bonds of union to the whole association—to wit: that of periodicals, books, colleges, missions, and Sunday Schools, have been either formally thrown out of the General Conference or officially destroyed in that body, thereby rendering said body in view of the wants of its constitutional working business a legal nullity.

Second—The last General Conference did, in its legislative capacity, define a basis of representation, by assuming the succession of the Conference herein represented, and upon this gratuitous assumption, (for the Convention did not, in the memorial, in any other of its acts, propose, or intimate, a voluntary withdrawal or secession) define a basis of representation intended to embrace only a part of the Conference of the Association, thereby virtually destroying the constitutional composition of the General Conference.

Therefore, it follows that such a General Conference institution as was contemplated by the Convention of 1850, and as defined in the constitution adopted by that body, does not now exist in the Methodist Protestant Association; and inasmuch as the General Conference, exists rather in name than in its originally designed working life and energy, it is no violation of our loyalty to the constitution of the Church, to declare and forever regard the General Conference as a legal nullity, and incompetent to serve any good to the Association.

2d. Our future relations, &c., will make it necessary to briefly specify the course which has preceded this state of things, and your Committee cannot better do this than by adopting a part of the language contained in the second resolution in the memorial from the Pittsburgh Conference, viz: "We hereby set our seal of condemnation on the entire system of slavery in the Methodist Protestant Church in the South, as being the foundation of all our troubles with our Southern brethren. We have transacted our church press—it has thrown out to foreign central interests which belong constitutionally to the General Conference in care for and management—it has further destroyed Madison College, the only (general) educational institution of the Church, which promised so well in 1854, and it has induced the Southern section to withdraw

their patronage from the Missionary Board and mainly from the Missionary and Sunday School Journal, which were of great promise to the Association in 1854 and 1855; "it has broken the brotherhood of the Church, so that the parties can no longer work together," and it may be added, to maintain official connection with slaveholding conferences, as matters now stand, would be to give official countenance to the evil we profess to deplore, as practiced by the South.

Resolved, That indecipherable facts, the induction of sound logic, the dictates of Christian prudence, an enlightened sense of our duty to God and man, justify and warrant this Convention, in the name of the several conferences herein represented, to now declare an official connection, co-operation, and official fellowship with and between said conferences and churches within the M. P. Association as practice or tolerate slaveholding and slave trading, as specified in said memorial, to be now suspended, until the evil of slavery complained of be put away; and they agree to put back the general interest and work with their brethren of the west and north in sustaining them under the non-slaveholding section, as in former years.

Nov. 13th.—The above report was taken up on yesterday, and the first part adopted with but one dissenting vote. The second part was calmly discussed till the hour of adjournment, and again taken up this morning, and after a full and friendly discussion was adopted with but two dissenting votes.

The deliberations of the convention, so far, have been very harmonious and interesting.

JOHN SCOTT.

A LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

To THE MAN WHO PUT ME IN NOMINATION: Now that Election is past, and my labors connected with it are at an end, I owe a few words to those who did me the honor to name me for the office of Governor.

As soon as I accepted the nomination I entered upon the work of holding Meetings in all parts of the State. They numbered fifty three, and consumed an average time of about two and a half hours. They were generally large, and frequently there was not room for the crowd. To attend them has cost me some four thousand miles of travel and two and a half months' time.

The novel character of the Meetings was enough to make them interesting. They were filled with questions and answers and occasional discussions between my questioners and myself. They were emphatically a school for acquiring knowledge of the province and duties of civil government—a school in which we were all pupils, and in which we were all at liberty to be teachers. Should such a school be opened by all the candidates for high executive office and legislative office, the masses would not fail to grow rapidly in political wisdom.

I hope that the good accomplished by these Meetings will not be estimated by the smallness of my vote. They have perhaps had the effect to reduce rather than increase it. Very unpopular answers were drawn from me by those who questioned me in regard to the Common School, the Poor House, the Rights of Women, the Legislation of a Sabbath, Tariffs, &c., &c. Manifestly the people are not yet prepared to receive the thoroughly democratic theories, which I have spent so much of many years in inculcating. Manifestly I must live and die an unpopular politician. Still I may not have lived in vain; and the words, which I have spoken and written, may not all die with me.

I cannot doubt that my Meetings have exerted considerable influence against the Caucus system—that bad system which has robbed the people of the right of suffrage, and left it to the hands of demagogues to do with as they please. But the voters are degraded to the one work of registering the decrees of the Caucus need, but he said to be believed. Happily, the practice of interrogating the candidates in the presence of the popular assembly cannot obtain without subverting the Caucus System. Is there anything else that can subvert it?

You, who put me in nomination, are abolitionists and prohibitionists. Indeed, it was to promote the shutting out of the demagogues from our State and the shutting out of the kidnappers from it, that you desired my election. I trust that my Meetings have done something toward relieving Temperance and Freedom. I found them well high deaf wherever I went; and I confess, that they still show too few and faint signs of life. What folly to connect such great sacred causes with a vulgar political party! How many of the early persecuted friends of Freedom and Temperance have withstood the last three months! I was so weary of the Republican party! So stone-blind were they to the obvious fact that the Republican party was raising them!

That there are but few abolitionists and prohibitionists in this State is evident from my small vote; few, I mean, who are earnest enough to place their abolition and prohibition above the claims of party. There are, it is true, many who prize against slavery. Surely it can be no more than prating, so long as they vote for candidates who admit slavery to be law, and candidates who are willing that our State should suffer the kidnapping to pass through it in quest of its prey. There are many too who prize for prohibition. But that this also is mere prating is manifest from the fact that only a very small proportion of the professed prohibitionists were willing to break out from their parties in the recent election, and vote for the only prohibition candidate for Governor. I know it will be said that many prohibitionists voted for Mr. Morgan because they were duped into the belief that he is a prohibitionist. Also, they were willing to be duped! So transparent a falsehood could carry away some but each was willing to be carried away by it. Let what will be said to the contrary, they who have now sided with the Republican and Democratic and American Parties, have voted in effect that the demagogues shall continue his horrid work of multiplying drunkards and poets and blasphemers and murderers. If any of them were checked by misrep resentations, they were for the most part part of whose political relations and state of mind were such, as made them glad to be cheated.

I have referred to the smallness of my vote. I confess that it is far below my expectations. Early in the last month I believed it would go as high as fifty thousand. More than this, it seemed at one time as if the Republican Party was getting discouraged, and that I might therefore possibly get a still larger vote than I had counted on. But by the middle of the month I found that the results of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana had inspired Republicans with confidence and Democrats with fear.

I am not sure but Governor Seward's Rochester speech did more than all things else to damage my prospects. It passed for an Abolition speech, especially because it espoused our old Abolition doctrine that in the end the States must all be blessed with Freedom, or all given up to the curse of slavery.

I hope too that the radical friends of Freedom will not be discouraged by this election. Never were there more need of their perseverance—for never were her prospects darker. How very rapidly her decline since the public mind was drawn away from the abolition to the non-extension of slavery. By the year 1846 the Liberty Party, which was ever intent on abolishing slavery, had swelled its numbers to sixty or seventy thousand. The strong anti-slavery sentiment of that year was responded to by the House of Representatives in a vote of 115 to 106 for shutting out slavery from all the territory we had acquired from Mexico. But by the next Session the majority was the other way. In 1847 the Liberty Party was swallowed up in a virtually new Party, whose candidate had never been known as an abolitionist. The next year this new Party gave place to another, which placed at its head that prominent opponent of the abolitionists, Martin Van Buren. Nevertheless this Party of 1848 was compelled by the popular sense to be some what of an Abolition Party. It promised (and with Mr. Van Buren's express consent) to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. So also in the next formed anti-slavery Party—that of 1852—there was a measure of Abolition. But utterly impotent for good did these Parties prove; and so will every other, that does not go for the abolition of all slavery, and that does not, instead of conceding legal protection to any part of it, hold every part of it to be a pirate and an outlaw.

In his Inaugural Address (in 1853) President Pierce was emboldened by the growing pro-slavery public sentiment to say that slavery "is recognized by the Constitution and stands like any other admitted right, and that the States which it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the Constitutional provisions."

In 1854 the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and the absurd doctrine of "Squatter Sovereignty" was installed in its place. Absurd indeed—for since the American people own the Territories they cannot escape from the obligation to govern them. They can abdicate only when they consent to them; and that cannot be until they become States.

In 1856 the Republicans built their platform and put in their own Abolition plank. Even as late as 1854 an attempt was made by the Anti-slavery Party in Congress to repeal the Fugitive Slave Act. But by the year 1856 their work upon the platform had so far done their harm upon the public mind, that there was no longer a call for such repeal.

Under the demagogical processes of these sham Anti-slavery as well as Pro-slavery Parties the country was now prepared for that culmination of wickedness, the Dred Scott Decision. Next came the vote in Congress by which the Republican Party succeeded to the Territory right to come into the Union with or without slavery—this vote, which cast this Party down into one indistinguishable heap with the other Parties upon the low ground of "Squatter Sovereignty."

Nothing now remains for the Republican Party, for its speedy and more national success, than to fall in with the virtual doctrine of the Dred Scott Decision and of Mr. Buchanan's position, that slavery exists, or may exist in all the States by force of the Federal Constitution.

After all was I not wrong in attributing so dark a prospect to Freedom? This Anti-slavery quackery is necessarily near its end. The momentary movements against slavery will soon be all over. We shall soon reach bottom. Then for an upward movement. Then for an earnest and rapidly growing Abolition Party—a Party, that will not mean slavery with mere negative and the winning cowardly depression of its extension; but that will boldly array against that mighty positive power another and a mightier positive power—Liberty against Slavery. It is only in the grasp of these two powers with each other that slavery can be conquered.

I referred to the Dred Scott Decision and Mr. Buchanan's position. Abhorrent as they are to every right-minded man, nevertheless why should they be complained of by Republicans or by any other men, who admit the legality of slavery? Mr. Buchanan was entirely right in saying that slavery was as Constitutionally in Kansas as in Georgia or South Carolina. Nay, if man can be property, then can slavery, which is simply the reduction of man to property, exist anywhere, let statutes or even Constitutions say what they will to the contrary. The abominable Louisiana Constitution did not err in saying: "The right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction." For property is not, as it is often called, the creature of law. Law can protect, but not create it. Property, being such in the nature of things, is necessarily property everywhere. Barley and butter, being recognized as property in this State, who would suffer Virginia to deny the rights of property in barley and butter, which New York had carried to the Richmond market. If then New York allows that man can be property in Virginia, who should Virginia be expected to tolerate the denial of rights of property in man who dwell in, or who are carried to, New York? Whichever admits that a man lawfully held slave in Virginia is entitled by this admission to deny the right of a man to bring them to New York and continue to hold them in slavery, or in other words as property.

I do not forget that the safety of Kansas from slavery will be used to show that I am wrong in what I have said of the workableness of the New

extension of slavery Parties. It is true that Kansas is safe from slavery. So she has been for years. This however is not the work of Parties. It is work that has been done outside of Parties. Kansas owes her safety, under God to her own brave spirits and strong arms. It is true that she could not have had them all but for help from abroad—but for the wisdom and benevolence of those for whom Liberty was embarked and persevered in the work of sending her men and munitions and money. No man out of Kansas has done as much as Eli Thayer to catch her; and no man in Kansas so much as John Brown—Old John Brown the fighter.

On her Kansas owes her salvation in no Party—no Republican nor in those who were in Congress or elsewhere. She owes it to her simple preparation to repel by physical force the aggression of slavery. She believed slavery to be a pirate—the superior pirate; and she prepared herself to deal with it in just the common sense way that every persistent pirate is to be dealt with.

Kansas would have been just as safe from slavery as she is now, even had the attempt been made by the President and all Congress to force the Lecompton Constitution upon her. Just as safe as she now is would she have been, had the Federal Government declared war upon her.

GERRIT SMITH.

Pittsburgh, November 5, 1858.

THE CANADA RESCUE CASE.

Our readers have not forgotten the circumstances attending and following the late rescue of a colored boy from the hands of Mr. W. R. Merwin, while passing through Chatham, C. W., on the railroad. The colored people who effected the rescue had good reason to believe that the boy was claimed as a slave, but Merwin, in order to facilitate the boy's recovery and secure himself from the charge of kidnapping, afterwards declared that he was free. His representations appear to have won the confidence of the magistrates and people of Chatham, inasmuch that the rescuers were heavily fined and ordered to stand committed until their fines should be paid. As we have already stated, the mother of the rescued boy was found at Paterson, N. J., and we suppose she has gone to Canada to give her testimony and claim her son. There is little room for doubt that Merwin intended to kidnap the boy and sell him as a slave. The following affidavit of his employer, Dr. Wood of this city, has been forwarded to Canada; and we hope it may induce the magistrate to release the rescuers from imprisonment and remit their fines.—A. S. Standard.

New York, Oct. 18th 1858.
To all whom it may concern,
I would say that W. R. Merwin is a distant relative of mine, his mother being my own cousin. I am and have been familiar with his history for many years. He was born, as he has often told me, in Pickman, Adams County, Ohio. His mother resides with her second husband, in Mr. Henry County, Illinois. From an early date Merwin followed peddling various goods and wares for a living, and in the capacity of a peddler I first became acquainted with him in Lenox, Georgia, Madison, some eight or ten years ago. Some five or six years ago he stopped at my house in St. Louis, Missouri, on his way to California, where he had some business, and he having kept up a correspondence with me all the time. He returned to the City of New York in December, 1856, and remained there some three or four weeks, all the time in the employ of O. J. Wood & Co., to which firm the writer belongs; and continued to do so until the present time, and in such capacity travelled through the South last winter.

But early in the spring he returned North, and has since travelled with a team for O. J. Wood & Co., and John Moore, of Rochester, N. Y.
And so it is within the writer's knowledge that he has had no means or money except what he has drawn as salary for travelling, and as he himself drew but little of that salary until he got to this city, except such amount as he has ordered to be sent to his mother from time to time. It is quite certain he had no means while travelling in the South with which to purchase a negro.
But some five or six weeks before he was at Chatham (at the time the boy was fortunately taken from him), the writer, at Auburn, N. Y., learned that Merwin had this negro boy with him to be sold to him at once—and I could not force the conviction from my mind, knowing as I did his (Merwin's) principles—that it was some boy he had picked up probably at Buffalo, and that he intended to take him South and sell him as a slave.

And so I knew he must come to New York to settle with us before he went South, whether he designed to send him soon again, I thought I would not let him know what I learned in Auburn until he arrived in New York.
When he did come, I asked him what he meant by carrying the negro boy with him, intimating that he meant to do so at our expense, and that I feared he intended to force the boy away and show foul play to him in the end. This he denied, stating that the boy was sent with him by John Moore, of Rochester, he (Moore) paying all his expenses, for the purpose of distributing circulars in the different towns through which he might pass, and made no claim to the boy whatever. His explanation to me seemed reasonable, and was accepted. But when, through an article copied from the Detroit Free Press, I saw he claimed the boy as his slave, and claimed to be the owner of father and mother, brothers and sisters, I had every reason to believe that Merwin never had the least shadow of claim to the negro-child whatever; and papers produced showing bill of sale or his appointment as guardian should be proved as by the testimony of parties known to have been formerly legal owners of the boy. It is proper to say, in conclusion, that writing to Mr. Moore to know if he sent the boy to distribute circulars, as alleged by Merwin, Mr. Moore informed me he did not, and never heard of him until he saw him with Merwin after he left New York, and had said the writer the story already related. I make this statement from a sense of duty; and as an act of justice to the good and true.

O. J. WOOD.

Before me, this 18th day of October, 1858, James W. Faxon, Commissioner of deeds.

THAT IMPRISONED COLORED EXHORTER.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune.

Sir: In your issue of the 9th inst. "A Methodist" refers to the case of the Rev. Samuel Green, a colored exhorter of the Methodist Episcopal Church in good standing, and now lying in the Maryland State prison under a ten year's sentence, for having in his possession a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The facts alleged are beyond question. Mr. Green is in prison as represented, with nine long years of confinement before him, and for no other crime than the one above named.

But "A Methodist" who evidently knows more of the matter than he does, and who writes correctly, is mistaken in one or two points. The only attention paid to the matter by the Philadelphia Conference was almost to hiss the Rev. J. M. Carter for even naming it. No committee was appointed to consider it; no petition to Gov. Hicks circulated; no resolution of sympathy with the martyr was even offered. This Conference of 200 Methodist ministers seemed to give no trifling a matter a moment's consideration, and blew it aside as they would have done some ragged rag of a "medium."

It is hardly correct, however, that nothing has been done by the Methodist public. A successful petition was got up at the last session of the Black River Conference, embracing about 200 Methodist ministers, entreating Gov. Hicks to interfere with his Executive clemency and release Mr. Green from his confinement. It was signed by some 113 ministers. I think, and forwarded by myself to Governor Hicks, with a respectful private letter, neither of which the Governor has condescended to notice.

As to "our Bishops and Chief Ministers," whom "A Methodist" seems to blame, it is true that the Black River Conference voted to have the petition for Mr. Green's liberation presented for their signatures; and that when so presented they refused to sign it. But they had what seemed to them a valid reason. They were not satisfied as to the facts alleged. They both feared that what satisfied that Mr. Green was an imprisoned, and for such a cause, they would sign the petition. It is true also, that the Rev. J. D. Long and the Rev. J. S. Lane, both members of the Philadelphia Conference, and recently from Maryland, were both at the Black River Conference and ready to make affidavits, if necessary, to the alleged fact, but it is nowhere laid down in the Discipline, among the duties of a Bishop, that he should be urging into such "political" matters. They had their doubts; and hence, declined to sign the petition, one took the cars for the East, and the other for the West! Of course the Conference could not wait six months for them to become satisfied of what might have been settled in their minds, but they desired it in two minutes; and so the petition was sent on without their signatures.

For myself, I regarded it as a most pitiful dodge, and was mortified and ashamed of such an utter want of concern for a brother in prison, by Methodist Bishops, merely, as it seemed to me because he had a black skin. But I leave them with God, the righteous Judge, who, in the last day, may say, "Sinner and in prison, and ye visited me not," "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren—even to a poor colored brother in his dungeon—ye did it not unto me."

H. MATTHEWSON.

Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, occupied the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Church (Rev. Mr. Longfellow's), in Brooklyn, on the last Sunday, presenting two discourses of a very impressive and edifying quality, in which the claims of those in bonds were not forgotten. It deserves to be mentioned, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher not only read to his congregation a notice that had been sent him by Mr. Furness's evening service, but took occasion to pronounce him as a preacher who never differing from himself upon questions of theology, had stood up boldly for rightness and freedom in a city where Custom dominated almost over press and pulpit. Some might think it strange that he, an orthodox minister, should give notice of the preaching of a Unitarian; but it was not strange at all, for he loved, and most ever loves, a man of whatever creed, who dared to stand, as only a man could, for God and humanity, who nearly all around him were false. "There are some of you," said Mr. B., "to whom I have preached a long time without seeming to do you much good. I advise you to go and hear Dr. Furness, who may by God's help, stir your souls to manly action."—A. S. Standard.

"Blacks men Live!" The Boston correspondent of the Nation Register was somewhat amused at a colored meeting in that city a few evenings since. The minister, a mouse-colored gentleman from abroad, said he should like to say a few words before he began. "Perhaps you may want to know who I am? He then proceeded to say that he was in Boston, some three years ago, trying to raise funds, hundred dollars to buy his wife and children, then in slavery. 'I got de money, brude de Lord! He went to St. Louis—four my folk brude de Lord!' but they had recently been sold, and the owner refused to give them up unless thirty-eight dollars, the physician's bill, was forthcoming. The mouse-colored gentleman then went to Chicago, fell in with friends, 'But, brude de Lord!' he shouted, at the top of his estimation voice, 'when I got dar, de old woman an dar children brude de Lord, an got to Canada, brude de Lord!' and I got fifteen hundred on thirty-eight dollars! brude de Lord, brude de Lord!"

A case before one of the Paris law courts the other day shows that in that city the consciousness of acquiescence and confirmation of all kinds is predominant on a grand scale. The young Negro, de Balthazar, child, who is ardent antiquarian, bought about £1,000 worth of objects represented to be "Grecian times," of the Elgin and Elgin collection, which had been turned out to have been made only a few months before by a white Paris dealer. These imitations were so convincing by color—brilliantly colored, &c. &c., that the dealer was deceived by them.

Miscellaneous.

OCTOBER.

BY MRS. C. C. COLBY.

A dreary hush is on the air—Nature stands
In silent thought, and blazes in more admiration
At her own loneliness. She holds her breath
In silent adoration, and thrills from her
Thousand unseen pulses, a voiceless tribute
Of praise to the All Father. And on each breezy
Height, the deep hued leaves quiver to the low,
Soft sigh of his breath. Over us broods the
Blue, bright infinitude of his love. His smile
Has poured a golden glory over all the swelling
hills.

It ripples down their amber glades, and streams
Along each crimson vale, like a flowing tide
On living beauty that knows no bounds and
Hath no shore.

—Let the aged man forget
His years—manhood his cares, his plans and
Weary toils, and be a child once more.

Out into the sunshine, and bathe the soul
In this bright stream of glory, and it shall
Purge away the stain of selfishness. The vast
Temple of earth is thick laid with gold—
A gold that hath no dross! From roof and rafter
To its broad floor stretching floor, all is
Glimmer and glory, and every weed is decked
In royal robes of beauty.

The miser may not heed this wealth and
Say, "tis mine." The pauper and the slave may
Fest their eyes, and quench the soul's deep
thirst.

And say, "tis mine," with a meaning deep and
true.
Not for favored few, a lordly race, was this
Bright pageant given. But for all, and he
Is rich that knows it is his birthright,
And feels the title given deep within by the
finger

Of the Author. A mystic tie links his soul
To all things beautiful. He hears a voice in the
wind—

A voice of song, a harmony divine. For him all
Earth is real, and gifted with intelligence.
Every leaf that rustles in the summer wind,
Or flutters its brief moment on the autumn air,
And souls in circling eddies far from the parent
Tree, to rest upon the bosom of brown mother
Earth, is a poet's page, traced by the Infinite.

And sweetest lesson that he reads.
Decay, death and the grave are ruled in beauty—
Through the dark part of the life unknown
Glimers a light, that bath no shadow.

How beautiful the crown
Of glory that October wears! Such should
Be the crown that rests upon the brow of Age—
A life well spent—a golden heritage of good deeds—
A harvest of blessings garnered from the seed
Scattered by life's wayside—a coronal of splendor
Glistening in the mellow radiance that shall not
Go out in darkness, but brightness into perfect day!

CHERRY VALLEY, O., October 12th 1858.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR
CHARLEY?

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Yes—that is the question! The fact is, there
seems to be no place in heaven above, or earth
beneath, exactly safe and suitable, except the bed.
While he is asleep there, our souls have rest—no
know where he is and what he is about, and sleep
is a gracious state; but then he wakes up bright
and early, and begins talking, hammering, singing,
meddling, and asking questions in short, over-
turning the peace of society generally for about
thirteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Everybody wants to know what to do with him—
everybody is quite sure he can't stay where they
are. The cook can't have him in the kitchen,
where he is forever getting to get flour to make
panes for his knees, or melt lard in the new sauce-
pan. If he goes into the wood shed, he is sure
to pull the wood pile down upon his head. If he
be sent up into the garret, you think for awhile
that you have solved the problem, till you find
what a boundless field for activity is at once open-
ed, amid all the packages, boxes, barrels, and
cans of old rubbish there. Old letters, newspa-
pers, trunks of miscellaneous contents, are all
rummaged, and the very reign of chaos and old
night is instituted. He soon endures capacities in
all, and he is always hammering something, or
knocking something apart, or sawing, or planing
or drawing boxes and barrels in all directions,
to build cities or lay railroad tracks, till everybody's
head aches quite down to the lower foot, and
everybody declares that Charles must be kept out
of the garret.

Then you send Charles to school, and hope you
are fairly rid of him for a few hours at least. But
he comes home sadder and more dreary than ever,
having learned of some twenty other Charles
every separate resource for keeping up a commu-
tion that the superabundant vitality of each can
originate. He can do like Jim Smith—he has
learned to smoke his pipe like John Brown—and
Will Briggs has shown him how to move like a cat,
and he enters the premises with a new war-hoop,
learned from Tom Evans. He feels large and val-
orous; he has learned that he is a boy, and has a
general impression that he is growing immensely
strong and knowing, and despises more than ever
the conventionalities of parlor life, in fact, he is
more than ever an interruption in the way of
dozent folks who want to be quiet.

It is true, that if entertaining persons will de-
vote themselves exclusively to him, reading and
telling stories, he may be kept quiet; but then this
is a discouraging work, for he evaluates a story
as never does a piece of meat, and looks at you for
another and another, without the slightest consid-
eration, so that this resource is of short duration,
and then the old question comes back: What's to
be done with him?

Don't ask Charles, he cannot be wholly shirked,
for he is an institution—a solemn and awful fact,
and so the answer to the question, What is to be
done with him? depends a future.

Many a hard, morose, bitter man has come from
a Charles turned off and neglected, many a per-
sonal heart-ache has come from a Charles left to
run the streets, that mamma and mamma might
play on the piano and write letters in peace. It is
easy to get rid of him; there are fifty ways of do-
ing that. He is a spirit that can be promptly laid,
but if you laid right will come back, by and by,
a strong man armed, when you cannot send him
off at pleasure.

Mamma and sisters had better pay a little less
to Charles now, than a terrible one by-and-by.
There is something significant in the old English
proverb, with which our European reader is ac-

quainted, a man shifts—a man shifts. There you
have the word that should make you think more
than twice before you answer the question: "What
shall we do with Charles?"

For to-day he is at your feet; to-day you can
make him laugh, you can make him cry, you can
persuade, coax, and turn him to your pleasure;
you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell
with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short,
you can mould him if you will take the trouble.

But look ahead some years, when that little
ruin shall ring in deep bass tones; when that
small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp;
when a rough beard shall cover that little, round
chin, and the willful strength of manhood fill out
that little form. Then you would give worlds for
the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide
him at your will; but if you will have that key
now he is little, you may search for it carefully,
with tears, some other day and never find it.

Old housekeepers have a proverb, that one hour
lost in the morning is never found all day. It has
a significance in this case.

One thing is to be noticed about Charles, that
rude, and busy, and noisy as he is, and irksome
as carpet rules and parlor ways are to him, he is
still a social little creature, and wants to be where
the rest of the household are. A room ever so
well adapted for play, cannot charm him at the
hour when the family is in re-unions; he hears the
voices in the parlor, and his play room seems des-
olate.

It may be warmed by a furnace and lighted
with gas, but it is human warmth and light he
wishes for; he yearns for the talk of the family,
which he so perfectly comprehends and he longs
to take his playthings down and play by you, and
is incessantly promising that of the fifty improper
things which he is liable to do in the parlor, he will
not commit one if you let him stay there.

This instinct of the little one is Nature's warn-
ing-plea—God's admonition. O, how many a
mother who has neglected it because it was irksome
to leave the child alone; how longed at twenty-five
to keep her son by her side, and he would not!

Shut out as a little Arab; constantly told that he
is noisy, that he is awkward and meddlesome, and
a plague in general, the boy has found at last his
own company in the streets, in the highways and
hedges, where he runs till the day comes when the
parents want their son, and the sisters their brother,
and then they are scolded at the face he
brings back to them as he comes all foul and
smutty from the companionship to which they have
doomed him.

Depend upon it, if it is too much trouble to
keep your boy in your society, there will be places
found for him—warmed and lighted with no
friendly fire—where he will find some mischief
still for idle hands to do, will care for him if you
do not. You may put out a tree, and it will grow
while you sleep, but a son you cannot—you must
take trouble for him, either a little now or a great
deal by-and-by. Let him stay with you at least
some portion of every day, hear his noise and his
ignorant ways. Put aside your book or work to
read him a story, or show him a picture; devise
still parlor plays for him, for he gains nothing
by being allowed to spoil the comfort of the whole
circle. A pencil, a sheet of paper and a few pen-
cils will sometimes keep him quiet by you for an
hour, while you are talking, or in a corner he
may build a block-house annoying nobody. If he
does now and then disturb you, and is costs you
more thought and care to regulate him there, bal-
ance which is the greatest evil—to be disturbed
by him now, or when he is a man.

Of all you can give your Charles, if you are a
good man or woman, your presence is the best and
safest thing. God never meant him to do without
you, any more than children were meant to grow
without being loved.

Then let him have some place in your house
where it shall be no sin to hammer and pound,
and make all the litter his heart desires, and his
various schemes require. Even if you can ill af-
ford the room, weigh well between that safe ar-
rangement, and one which, if denied, he may make
for himself in the street.

All devices for Charles which we have, a few
shavings which he may dignify with the name of a
"shanty," is one of the best. He picks up shavings
and pebbles and stones, all odds and ends—much
noise and confusion, and if you give him a pair of
scissors and a little gum, there is no end of the
labels he will paste on, and the hours he may im-
mortally spend, sorting and arranging.

A bottle of liquid gum is an invaluable re-
source of various purposes, nor must you mind
though he varnish his nose and fingers and clothes
(which he will do of course) if he does nothing
worse. A cheap paint box, and some engraving
wax, is another; and if you will give him some
real paint and putty to paint and putty his
boats and cars, he is a made man.

All these things make trouble—to be sure they do—
but Charles is to make trouble, that is the
nature of the institution; you are only to choose
between safe and wholesome trouble, and the
trouble that comes at last like a whirlwind. God
bless the little fellow, and send us all grace to
know what to do with him.

ELECTION SCENES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A correspondent of the Pendleton S. C. Mes-
senger, reporting a trip through Spartenburg to
North Carolina, gives some illustrations of elec-
tion times, which may be interesting and sugges-
tive:

"Arrived at the election ground, there was a
wight work seeing. Apple brandy ruled. There
were about as many women as men on the ground.
This is a peculiar feature in North Carolina gar-
derings—the women nearly all attend, and it results
beneficially sometimes. I once saw a fellow get
into a fight with one of these electioneers, while his wife
was along with him. The front yard of the dag-
gery had been graced with very coarse gravel. Our
hero pulled off his shirt and pitched in, but
was soon made to hit the gravel. Here No. 2
jumped on him, but was no sooner on than off, for
our first named hero's wife gathered a hoop pole
and took a lashing as here No. 2 got it has not been
my fortune to see since. All this was done and
said in a twinkling. Here No. 1 was a sight. Im-
agine a man's back full of coarse gravel—gouged
through with this.

In approaching the election ground, young men
and women could be seen sitting on logs in the
woods, eating ginger cakes and drinking cider and
brandy. Heap of lead in the woods there. One fel-
low jumped out of a shanty where they kept
their apple brandy, and swore that he could whip
the man that had anything against him. Every-
body seemed too drunk to take much notice of him.
Two fellows got to scuffling on a large scaffold, and
down it came, causing a general run. Some were
knocked down by the falling of the scaffold and
supposed somebody had knocked them down, and
plunged in prominently. I thought it was time
or a possible man to leave, as I took the road."

A PRAYER ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

BY W. PALMER.

"Give us this day our daily bread,
And piece and cake besides,
To load the stomach, pain the head,
And choke the vital tide;
And if you seek a friend decay,
Or die in agony—
We'll talk of "God's mysterious ways,"
And lay it all to Thee.

Give us, to please a morbid taste,
In spite of pain and death,
Consumption strings around the waist,
Almost to stop the breath,
Then of infirmity accede,
Our stunted progeny,
In violation of our sins,
We'll lay it all to Thee.

Give us good houses, large and tall,
To look the clouds down,
And arrogant lodging at our call,
And slinking at our frown.
The poor, however worthy they,
We'll treat quite scornfully—
Then expunge pay, commensurate day,
And settle up with Thee.

We do disdain to bill and sweat,
Like those of vulgar breed;
Of labor give us not a bit,
For physic, nor for food,
And if for want of exercise,
We lack the stamina,
Of those who struggle and despair,
We'll lay it all to Thee.

If any curse we have forgot,
That on a victory,
Fashion lets fall, withhold it not,
But send it grievously;
And if too great, the mild stone weight,
For fruit humanity,
We'll not blame ourselves a mite,
But lay it all to Thee.

Yes, give us coffee, wine and tea,
And hot things we enjoy,
The woman's warm bath, thrice a day,
To weaken and destroy;
And if defying Nature's laws,
Dyspepsia we must be—
We'll soon be bent for human cause,
But lay it all to Thee.

OHIO IN THE PAST.

THE FIRST COURT IN OHIO.

The First Civil Court ever held in North West,
was that of the Court of Common Pleas of Wash-
ington county, at Marietta, September 24, 1788,
by Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper, presiding
Justices. The Court was opened with pomp. A
procession was formed, the Sheriff, with a drawn
sword, in advance, followed by the citizens,
officers of the Garrison at Fort Harner, the mem-
bers of the bar, the Judges of the Supreme Court,
the Governor and a clergyman, with the Judges of
the Common Pleas, in the order in which they are
named. Arriving at the hall of the Campus Martius,
the whole of the procession was counter-marched
into it, and the Judges, Putnam, and Tupper,
took their seats upon the bench. The audience
was seated, and after a divine benediction was in-
voked by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, the High Sheriff,
Elihu Sprout, advanced to the door and pro-
claimed aloud, "O yes, O yes! a court is opened
for the administration of even handed justice to
the poor and the rich, to the guilty and innocent, with
out respect of persons; none to be punished with-
out a trial by their peers, and in pursuance of the
law and evidence in the case." Besides the crowd
of emigrants and settlers, there were present at
the ceremonies hundreds of Indians, who had their
engagement in the vicinity for the purpose of en-
tering into a treaty with the Federal Government.
It must be admitted that Sheriff Sprout was more
intelligent and imposing in his style of opening
the first Court than one of his successors in Illi-
nois, when ordered by the Court, thus: "Mr. Sher-
iff, open Court," proclaimed: "O yes, O yes! Court
is open," and when afterwards directed to ad-
dress the Court, cried out to the bystanders: "O
yes, O yes! Court is shut."—North Western Quar-
terly.

OLDEST PRINTER AND EDITOR IN OHIO.

Mr. Joseph W. White is doubtless the oldest ed-
itor and printer in the State of Ohio, being now
in his seventy-first year, and working regularly at
the press in this office. In 1809 in connection
with Porter Sawyer, he commenced the publica-
tion of the Washington Messenger, the first paper
ever printed in Zanesville. Mr. White also edited
and published the first Democratic paper in this
county. It was called the Ohio Democrat, the first
number of which was issued in March, 1828. For
the first six months the Democrat was issued at
Paris, after which the office was removed to Can-
ton. The old gentleman says that it was in the
fall of this year that the first Democratic officers
were elected in the county, and that the Demo-
crats were so elated by this, their first victory in
the county, that they kept the old Court House
bell ringing for two days and two nights in suc-
cession.—Marietta, O., Journal and Times.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE ON THE RESERVE.

Gen. Biorce, of Akron, has written a history of
the settlement and progress of Painesville, furnishing
many interesting reminiscences of Pioneer life.
We take the following from a late number of the
Telegraph:

In 1798 Col. Alexander Harper, Major Wm.
McFarland and Ezra Gregory arrived, with their
families, at what is now called Harpersfield, Ashtabula
County, from Delaware County, New York. In Major
McFarland's family was a son young Major McFarland,
having no children of his own, had adopted a child.
He had married a man by the name of Mingo, and
one child; but Mingo died soon after the mar-
riage. On the death of her husband, the widow
returned to the family of her adopted father, and
came on to Harpersfield with them in 1798.

There lived in Harpersfield, six miles from Cleve-
land, at the time a bachelor by the name of Ham-
ilton who had purchased land, and put up a cabin,
but had no "helpmate." The arrival of the new
settlers at Harpersfield soon became known through
the whole region, and the reports concerning
the young widow stirred up the heart of James
Hamilton. He procured two horses, one of which
he rode, leading the other, and started through the
trackless forest, fifty miles in search of a house-
keeper. With nothing but the lustre of love and
marriage to guide him, he at last reached the
Harpersfield settlement, and to the young widow
found the object of his pursuit. To answer to the
suggestion of his bride he had responded in the

language of Ruth: "Where thou goest I will go
where thou stayest I will stay; thy God shall be
my God, and thy people, my people."

Both parties willing, nothing was wanting to
crown their happiness but the solemnity of the
marriage ceremony. But there was the difficulty—
the Western Reserve had not yet been organized
into a county, no Justice of the Peace had been
elected or appointed, and no one authorized to so-
lemnize marriages; so that the young widow and
her lover were in a "fix." But "where there is
a will there is always a way." Moses Parks, living
in the March settlement, six miles west of Fair-
port, in what is now Mansur, had once been a
Baptist preacher, and it was concluded that he
would answer. It was agreed that Hamilton and
his betrothed should call on him on their way to
Newburg and legalize, as far as circumstances
would permit, their contract. Accordingly on the
following morning at early dawn they mounted
their horses. Hamilton taking the widow's child
in his lap, she riding on her father bed, which was
lashed on the horse, and answered in place of a
saddle, and set out in search of the quondam
preacher. On arriving at his cabin and making
their wants known, he at first declined putting on
the sacerdotal robes, as he had not preached a ser-
mon for many years; and had totally abjured his
former creed; but on reflection, and at the urgent
solicitation of the parties, he finally consented to
act the priest, and with the usual ceremonies, he
pronounced them man and wife. Money being out
of the question in those days, they paid the priest
in heartfelt thanks, and went on their way rejoicing.

This was undoubtedly the first marriage on the
Reserve; and the courtship and marriage, though
not conducted in the most approved fashionable
modern style, was equally, if not more conducive
to domestic happiness. The girl, or widow, that
would thus forsake all others, and on horseback,
without a saddle, follow her beloved through the
trackless forest, to a log house home, was worthy
of the name of a wife. Some of their descendants,
I believe, are now living in the neighborhood of
Newburg, but James and Parthena have long
been at rest.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPERS OF OHIO.

"He removed to Martinsburg in 1790, and com-
menced the Potomac Guardian, upon which paper
I was kept at work until April, 1796. He then re-
turned to Chillumouth, and set up the Scotia Gazette,
the first paper in Ohio, and I returned to Boston,
and commenced an apprenticeship in Court street,
in which my father had worked, and where Benja-
min Franklin had worked before him."—Hull's
Reminiscences.

The above paragraph appeared in the Gazette of
the 27th ult. The error of Mr. Willis has already
been corrected by a correspondent. But it may
be well to refer to some other particular
fact. The first paper published in Ohio was the
"Centinel of the North West Territory," of which
the first number was published 9th of November,
1793. The entire copy of the "Centinel" for Jan-
uary 11th 1794, was re-published in the Cincinnati
Gazette on the 24th of December, 1845, occupying
about one seventh of the Gazette.

The first daily paper was the Cincinnati Com-
mercial Register, but was followed in a few weeks,
by the Daily Gazette. The first German paper was
the Ohio Chronicle, issued in 1836. The statistics
of Newspaper progress in Ohio, is as follows, viz:

In 1800	3
In 1810	14
In 1820	60
In 1830	143
In 1840	261
In 1850	298
In 1852	298
In 1856	463

Of these, there were in Cincinnati 70. Of
the papers published in Ohio in 1856, there
were:

Daily	31
Weekly	340
Other periodicals	32

This is a vast array for so young a State. The
ability to support so many periodical papers, proves
an almost universal desire to read among the peo-
ple. It does not prove, however, that the business
is a profitable one. We believe that not more than
one in ten of the newspapers of Ohio are really
profitable. It was later told by the publishers, (and
for the public also, for the papers would be much
better) if there were not half so many.

We are indebted to Mr. Cogswell, the State
Librarian, for much valuable information in regard
to the history of newspapers, in which he
has taken much interest.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A New Metallic Alloy—M. Gerchelin has
just discovered a new amalgam possessing the sin-
gular property of being almost as soft as wax when
warm and of hardening in the course of a few
hours when cold. It may be modelled into various
shapes by the sole action of the finger; it adheres
strongly to other metallic substances as also to
glass and porcelain, so that it may serve as a
broken crockery, and is equal in that respect to
the best mastic. When hard it takes a fine polish,
like that of silver or brass. To prepare it take
twenty, thirty, or thirty six parts of pure copper,
obtained by precipitation from the sulphate, and
pour concentrated sulphuric acid upon it, using an
iron or porcelain vessel for the operation. The mix-
ture having attained the consistency of paste, add
seventy parts of mercury. As soon as the copper is
completely amalgamated wash the compound with
boiling water to carry off the acid, and then let it
stand for ten or twelve hours. The amalgam will
then be hard enough to receive a high polish, and
to cut in or gold. It is insoluble in weak acids,
in alcohol, ether, or boiling water, whether in a
hard or soft state, its density is the same. When
it is about to be used, it is softened by exposure
to about 375 degrees centigrade (nearly four times
the temperature of boiling water). As soon as it is
reduced to the softness of wax, it may be used to
adhere two pieces of metal together, provided their
surfaces be perfectly free from oxide, and ten or
twenty hours later they will be found to adhere to-
gether so strongly that they may be subjected to
any operation whatever. This alloy may, in a soft
state, be pressed into moulds, but its chief ad-
vantage consists in adhering pieces of metal which
it would be inconvenient to expose to the action of
fire.—London Paper.

PROFESSOR BLAKE, in his work of beauty cap-
ture "The Quaker Matron" generally carries with her
that serene atmosphere of moral purity which is
gay and fascinating nature would be a discom-
fort to a young Quaker lady, in the most sportive mood
in life, full of laughing fancies and setting forth
metaphors, being pinned up in a plain gray bod-
ice or in a great mourning bonnet in a Harlequin
costume, and therefore, I have observed that young la-
dies of that sect especially when they are young
and lively, do not at all affect the severe cap-
ture."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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" " " " " " " "	.25
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